

Whats in your mouth?

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Whats in your mouth?

by www.fishdotcom

Summary

George wouldn't consider it an issue if anyone asked. It wasn't strange to focus better if chewing gum or biting your nails.

George has an oral fixation and its ruining his friendships and bringing up too many feelings.

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um this is my first fic so chapter will start out quite short probably :) hope you like.

Notes

constructive criticism is thoroughly appreciated!!

I have not written anything at all in a very long time so this was uhh weird

leaving comments is cool

Chapter 1

“Dream!” George ran at the green clad figure, recognizing the man who finally gave in to a face-time call (and actually showing his face) not to mention he held a flimsy paper reading ‘Mr. NotFound’.

They stopped a foot away from each other, arms awkwardly raised and then put back down, not sure how to greet each other.

“Come on, idiot” Dream finally speaks up and opens his arms wide, not dropping them this time.

George laughs and throws his arms around the blonde, standing on his toes and burying his head into his shoulder while the other squeezed him tight.

“Aw, Georgie..” Dream whispered, meaning for it to come out as a tease, to help keep things light, but the low, raspy sound of his voice made it seem much different but George didn’t seem to mind. His nose finds its way nestled into his friends dark brown hair, “You don’t stink as much as I’d thought you would.”

The hug finally breaks with George giving an indignant huff to the statement, but kept a smile. “Whatever, just shut up. I’m tired lets go, c’mon to the car now, now, now.” He was impatient and it got the right response, Dream rolled his eyes playfully and leads him to the exit of the airport.

In the safety of the car was when George fished a blue lollipop out of his backpack, immediately popping it into his mouth. Dream gives a curious glance, but they were already driving so he couldn’t do too much inspecting.

George happily sucked on the pop, cheeks hollowing at times and hand coming up to spin the little stick. He felt his mind relax, just focusing on the rhythmic sucking.

“You like sweets, huh?”

George’s eyes went wide, focusing in on his surroundings. They were no longer moving, parked in front of the house, the ‘Dream Team House’ where the trio would be living for who knows how long.

“Sweets?” He repeats groggily, he felt liked he’d been asleep.

“Yeah, you’ve gone through 4 or 5 of those things on the drive” Dream laughs and shakes his head.

George straightens up in the car seat, absentmindedly unbuckling himself as he inspects things. The open bag of lollipops halfway out his bag, the familiar wad of wrappers jammed in his pocket, a different flavor of pop than he’d started with..George had gone into such a haze that’d he’d replaced each lollipop without even realizing. He clears his throat, connecting the dots and he looks back at Dream, “Yeah, just like sweet stuff!” He laughs, even though it was an unfunny attempt at banter.

Dream wheezed, more at George than his actual “joke”.

The brunette jams his candy bag back into his bag and sighs, maybe this had gone a bit too far.

George couldn’t stand going more than an hour without having something in his mouth whether it be gum or lollipops or something else. His teeth and tongue always needed sometime to mess with

to keep himself calm. He'd suck or chew on his thumb at moments and among past lovers he was especially known for liking things in his mouth..but this little obsession was growing worse, he never felt quite satiated and he wasn't sure how he'd handle it around Dream or Sapnap anymore.

George woke up, scrunched up on the couch as sunlight filtered through the blinds, right into his eyes. He pulls free the corner of his hoodie sleeve which had been thoroughly drooled all over at this point due to him sucking and chewing on it even in his sleep.

Dream came down, perfect timing so he did not have to be exposed to what George had just halted.

Apparently after arriving at the empty house George had promptly passed out on the couch and refused to keep his eyes open for more than a second but boy did Dream try. Dream had comfortable fallen asleep in his room soon after with nothing to entertain himself.

"Like a decent roommate I brought your bags up to your room, so if you're looking to get out of those clothes its all in there," Dream states as he searches through the fridge, having noticed George pulling at his old clothes.

"Thanks." He mutters and trudges off, changing quick into a pair of grey sweats and a random large t-shirt. He wanted to spend time with Dream so he didn't linger, back in the kitchen in no time,"Eggs, huh?" He points out the obvious scrambled eggs Dream was making.

"Yeah, sorry but no beans and toast for you over here." He teased the shorter male, nudging his side with his elbow,"Sapnap is getting in late tonight by the way." He reminds him, turning down the heat on the stove so he could turn to look more at George.

George however had his eyes half open, tip of his thumb situated between his teeth, gently chewing.

The blonde stares at the expression intently, curious but brushed it off,"Gogy-.." He whines and nudged the boy again, who this time jumped in surprise and turned to look up at him,"Dreamie~" he says back with the same tone and gives an eye roll

George knew if he continued it would become a bit less appropriate to do in front of a friend. He didn't want Dream witnessing him getting worked up over just a the little thing in his mouth.

For now he had to contain himself and keep the lollipops out of his mouth.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

George has some fun when he's alone, Dream is a bit curious about George and Sapnap is ready for fun with his besties

Chapter Notes

i have not reread this at all so be warned

George had been fidgeting next to him on the couch for the past half hour, pressing his hands under his thighs and rocking. Dream stared out of the corner of his eye, confused and noticed the way George was abusing his bottom lip. It was reddened from being sucked on and chewed.

"Hm." He hums to himself, brow furrowed, a theory forming in his mind. He stands up, causing George to still for a moment, "Want anything to eat?" He asked politely, head tilting as he stared down at the smaller boy. George gulped and shook his head, "I'm okay." He squeaks, unsure why he'd gotten flustered by a question. Perhaps it was the way Dream properly towered over him when he asked it.

Dream rifles around in the kitchen, searching for what he wanted, "Ah, there we are." He whispers getting out the packet of straws. He didn't usually use them, save the turtles and everything, but he'd bought these a long time ago and they might as well get used at some point.

"I'm getting myself a drink, want apple juice?" Dream was already getting down two glasses, straw only in one.

"Sure." George calls from the couch, his lip had begun to bleed so he was thoroughly focused on sucking away the metallic taste.

The blonde poured a glass of apple juice, which had been specially bought for George's visit, he wanted to make sure he had things the other enjoyed already stocked up. Water was poured for himself and he returns to the couch, pushing the one with a straw into his older friend's hands, "Thanks." He hears mumbled in reply and looks down to see the brown haired boy's eyes hazily focused on the green plastic straw in his drink.

Dream takes his place on the couch, hiding his smirk as best he could, waiting for George to get comfortable before stealing a glance.

George finished the drink in under two minutes. As soon as he had his lips around the straw his fidgeting calmed, focused all on sucking on the straw.

Theory confirmed...but a bit more evidence was probably in order before he went accusing.

George sighed in relief, Dream had gone to the store, saying it was alright for George to stay at home that'd he'd be back in an hour; he just wanted to get some things before Sapnap was here.

So now George was rifling through his bags to find the most embarrassing thing he'd snuck in. His hand felt silicone and he pulls, clutched in his hand came out a small to medium sized (around 6 inches) dildo. It was dark blue and his cheeks turned a bright red as he laid eyes on it. He was healthy, of course at his own home he'd gotten off whenever he wanted, but it was a bit different when he was living with his best friends.

George breathes in deeply and moves to the bed where he suction cups the toy right to the wooden head board. He snorts, watching the thing do a little jiggle after the motion and he runs a tired hand down his face, "What are we doing.." He groans but was already undoing his pants, ashamed to say he was half-hard at this point. He kneels in front of the dildo, the tip of it hovering in front of his parted lips.

He goes cross-eyed to look at it, and finally gives in, he knew he liked it so no point in torturing himself longer.

His left hand clutched the base of the toy to keep it still, his right slowly stroking his own hardening cock. His eyes flutter shut, long eyelashes resting on flushed cheeks as the toy pushed into his mouth. He gets right to work, tongue playing with it to slick things up and he sucks on it desperately. He didn't have to worry about doing it well because it wasn't a real person he could just enjoy having something in his mouth.

"Uh..uh.." He pushed farther down, nose meeting the head board, gagging slightly, but he liked that. His right hand squeezed and thumbed at his tip, breaking the beading precum. He could probably cum from sucking if he was honest. His mind was helping as well. His left hand was no longer needed to hold the toy so it was supplying more to the fantasy by threading through his hair and tugging.

"You look so pretty on my cock, baby..I want to see you cry my good little slut..choking on my cock you're such a whore, but my whore, princess, all mine and I'll make sure you never forget it.." Words echoed through his mind, taking on a familiar voice that he couldn't quite place. His eyes watered, playing into the fantasy more than actually having to cry. His hand gave a particularly hard tug at the same time he sped up on his strokes, his hips began to buck more into his hand, signaling he was close. He didn't stop sucking for a moment, even as his hips thrust into his fist, spurts of cum coating the sheet he kept his mouth on the blue silicone. He cracked open his eyes, looking up as his mind helpfully supplied a picture for his fantasy, Dream standing above him, still holding his head on his cock, talking about how *"I haven't even cum, you get that turned on by sucking cock?"* George couldn't stop, he continued messy, slow sucks and head bobbing for at least fifteen more minutes, cum drying to the sheets in front of him before he finally felt satiated. He pulls off, drool slipping down his chin and jaw aching. His head was in the clouds so he simply laid down on his side, taking a moment to slow his beating heart and heavy breathing.

When he comes back to his senses all he could feel was shame, getting off to his friend? He was disgusting. Not to mention he had to clean all this up now.

He wipes off any come on himself and pulls on a baggy hoodie and some shorts before hauling his wadded up sheets to the washer.

The front door opens as he closes the washer door and he rushed back to his room to hide the further evidence, "Fuck, fuck." He gasps, jamming the toy deep down in his still unpacked bags.

“George!” Dream calls from downstairs, inspecting the room when his friend comes bouncing downstairs.

“Hey.” the smaller boy says, wincing as his voice cracked and he reaches up to massage at his jaw.

Dream knew instantly what was up, but what was he going to do? Question why his friends hair was all messed up, why he’d changed clothes, why his eyes seemed puffier and glazed over and legs shaky.

“Have fun without me?” He finds himself saying, his mouth didn’t have filter but the look on George’s face was worth it.

His eyes went wide, mouth opening in shock while his face lit up with redness, but he quickly morphed to anger,”Dream!” He shrieked, slapping his arm,”What is wrong with you, stop being an idiot!” He huffs and kicks the mans shin for good measure before storming over to the couch.

Dream was giggling and clutching his bruising shin but he didn’t mind,”Dont be mad! I got you a present.” He pulls the bag of sweets from the shopping bag and tossed it at the boys head,”Candy!”

George rubs his bruised skull and picks up the bag from where it had fallen after hitting him,”What is wrong with you.” He mutters and inspects the bag, a small smile creeping onto his face, it was full of gum, lollipops, and other hard candies meant to stay in your mouth for a while. Immediately his small hands were in the bag, digging around for a good flavored lolli which was them unwrapped promptly popped in his mouth.

“T’anks Dream.” He mumbles around the sweet, humming happily.

Dream stared at the boy with reddened cheeks, more specifically staring at the candy bobbing in and out of his mouth. He’d definitely thought about his friend in this way, how could he not with all the flirting they do on stream, but this was a whole other level. He’d figured it out in they’re first day of hour that the boy had something with things being in his mouth, oral fixation was it..and Dream wanted to take full advantage of it. For now all he could do was tease himself by supplying George with sweets he could suck on, but Dream would be a liar if he said george on his knees with something else resting in his mouth wasn’t occupying most of his thoughts as of recent.

“Dream, George!”

Dream and George are both snapped out of their own daydreams by the front door banging open, a familiar face standing with his arms wide open, multiple bags hanging off him.

Dream wheezed and laughed while George ran to meet Ssnap,”Snapmap!” He yells teasingly and throws himself around him.

“Stop everything.” The other says seriously, causing the two other boys to turn they’re attention to him instantly, George took a step back.

“Come.” Ssnap grabs georges thin arm and pulls him next to him, letting all the bags slide off,”I win.” Ssnap stood straight in front of George, grinning goofily, his eyes having to look down an inch,”I’m taller, loser!” He screams and begins ruffing George’s hair

“No!” the shortest cries and kicks at him,”Shut up!” They both dissolved into laughter after a moment, which Dream takes as his cue to come in and ruffle both of their hair.

George groans at this and Ssnap pulls Dream into a hug,”Good to be here.” He says happily while pulling back again.

The three smile at each other and Dream loops his arm around George's shoulder,

“Well, want to go have a movie night? then we can get some good sleep and have a more settling day tomorrow.”

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Things between George and Dream are going further.

Chapter Notes

Hi hope you like this, I know its all moving pretty slow so sorry about that!

Comments are so appreciated I love getting them!

George threw a piece of popcorn at the screen, "Don't go in the basement!" He yells as the girl on screen, greeted with laughs from Dream and Sapnap who agreed.

Sapnap was leaned against the far end while Dream and George were pressed up to each other opposite him. George was scared of horror movies, or at least the jump scares so he'd chosen Dream as his support. He shrieks as the door in the movie bangs open, a creature leaping out, he couldn't tell because his face had already been pressed into the blondes shoulder.

The movie didn't have much longer, but George spent that time covering his eyes and getting teased by Sapnap. He currently had the tip of his thumb on his mouth, face scrunched up as Sapnap bullied him.

"It wasn't even scary! You're such a baby George!" He laughs and pats his head, "I'm going to bed. Night Dreamie, night Georgie."

George waves goodbye, watching him trail upstairs before returning to Dream's side.

"You are a bit of a baby." He whispers to George with a small laugh, who hits the side of his arm and huffs angrily.

"I'm not. Now come on. Lets go to bed..Our separate beds." He clarifies and clears his throat. He glanced back at him with a little nod then goes up to his room, heart beating faster than average. All he could think about was his earlier activities and being so close to Dream afterwards was putting his heart through some work.

George went to sleep normally, excited for days to come with his best friends.

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George comes down the stairs, dark brown hair sticking out in the wrong directions and a blue blanket draped on his shoulders like a blanket....and a familiar lollipop stick poking out between his lips.

Sapnap was spread out on the couch, phone in hand, "Candy? Its nine am George, you haven't even had breakfast." Sapnap is the first to point out causing George to simply furrow his brow.

Dream looks over from the kitchen, stifling a laugh, "Breakfast is almost done though, come get out plates Sapnap. We're having family time." He jokes.

"Me? Why not George, I shouldn't have to do more just because you simp for him!" He complains but was already getting up to do as he'd been told.

George hums, too sleepy to argue but flips off Sapnap as he passed by before he goes to take his seat at the kitchen counter. He cups his chin in his palms and sighs, watching his friends push each other around. A smile tugs at his lips, feeling satisfied with their environment.

The little shoves to each others shoulders, Dream ruffling Sapnaps hair, and flicking bits of pancake mixture at him. George allows his eyes to flutter shut.

"George? Do you want to go back to bed?"

He lifts his head, Dreams face suddenly up close to his, "What? No..no." he leans back, a light blush gathering on his cheeks, "Time difference is still getting to me thats all." He reached out, his dainty hand patting Dream's cheek like he was a child to calm his worry.

Dream steps back and nods, not going to question it further, "We'll have a relaxing day today." He assures his older friend and begins to plate the finished pancakes.

Sapnap joins George at the counter after setting out the proper utensils for them all.

"Thank you for breakfast." George chimes, voice still soft from sleep.

Dream couldn't help but notice his accent was amplified in this state. A sigh pushed past his lips, he was ready to learn every little thing he could about George now that they could be here, physically together.

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Sapnap had been streaming since a hour or so after breakfast, yells could be heard from downstairs even occasionally, but Dream and George didn't mind; they were a bit too swept up in their own world anyway.

Dream was a touchy person, so he'd been riding off the high that he got ever since George agreed to cuddle with him, who had repeated something about 'cuddling with the homies' while Dream had adjusted them both to be comfortable. So they'd stayed there; Dream with his back against where the armrest and backing met, George between his thighs, torso mainly resting on Dream's broad chest, twisted slightly to be able to look at the TV, and Dreams arms wrapped tight around George's smaller waist. Of course George still had some type of candy in his mouth while they were together. He'd made Dream let him get the bag and set it within arms reach, replacing the one in his mouth immediately when it was needed.

"Look at this tiktok.." George mumbled to Dream, tilting his screen up. After the first couple hours spent cuddling the smaller of the two had gotten sleepy again, but he wanted to keep awake so he further distracted himself with tiktoks even with the TV on in the background

Dream watches the little animated clip of their two characters from the dream smp, nodding and giving a polite laugh, "Cool." He says and watches Georges hand go back into the candy bag, rifling around for a new lollipop.

"Hey, stop eating those, you're half asleep anyway and you're gonna get cavities."

George huffs, "You're not my mom or my dentist." He says pointedly then feels the arms around his waist shift, "Hey.." His voice goes softer, afraid Dream was leaving, but was stopped when a hand was on his face, gripping his jaw. He tilts his head back, looking up to only be met with green eyes staring at him, "What do you want? I'm just gonna go take a nap in my own room if you won't-" He abruptly closes his mouth, mainly to stop what was trying to press inside. Dream's thumb was rubbing his bottom lip gently trying to pry open his mouth.

"Dream?" He questions face turning redder but he leaves his lips slightly apart even when he'd finished speaking. Giving Dream the opportunity to push his thumb into his mouth.

George freezes, confused as to why his best friend who still had him pressed to his chest now also had his thumb in his mouth pressing against his tongue.

"Just suck on this instead, its fine, really."

And George couldn't seem to disagree. He relaxed, mouth beginning to work, sucking slowly on the new toy.

He should've stopped this, shoved Dream's hand away, then they could have both laughed it off and finished their movie.

Dream even knew what he was doing was wrong. This was far past just 'cuddling with the homies' he was the one staring intently at the way his pale friend's pretty pink lips moved around his thumb while it sat in his mouth. He still couldn't seem to take his eyes off it though. He could only imagine how something much bigger would feel filling that pretty mouth, George had already been so pliant, so *good*, when he'd pressed his thumb in.

Sure there was original hesitation, but now with his eyes half lidded and staring lazily at the TV, George wasn't making any moves to protest their situation.

In five minutes, George was fast asleep. Leaving Dream sat behind him, trying to quell his hard on that had slowly risen over this. But George's mouth worked even in his sleep so how could he calm with one of the prettiest boys in the world sucking on his finger still.

Prettiest boy in the world? Maybe Dream wasn't just playing around. His thinking was getting past 'testing a theory'. He wanted George in his arms more, and when he was he wanted it not to be as 'homies'.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

George gives dream a blow job

Chapter Notes

So sorry its been so long and that it's short :(

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George wakes up, his jaw sore, but mouth empty. He slowly became aware of his surroundings and remembered how he'd fallen asleep. His head whips around, staring at the blonde who was fast asleep behind him. Remembering Dream was behind him tunes him into what was nudging his lower back and his own problem pressing against his pants.

"Fuck.." he whispers and begins to stand when a strong arm pulls him back in, holding him protectively. He squeaks, landing right back on Dreams hard on. Dream lets out a groan in his sleep and another when George begins to squirm.

Tears prick at the pale boys eyes, out of just embarrassment, this had gone too far already.

"Dream, Dream, wake up please.." He pushes on his leg and tries to free himself still.

"What..?" A raspy voice echoes in his ear and George whimpers.

"Let me go please." Dream keeps his grip tight, "Why?"

"You're- you're stupid *thing* is pressing into *me*."

Dream slowly loosens his grip, allowing George to slip out and stand away from him. A flush was spread across his face and he was practically shaking, but Dream decided to tease him anyway, "You have one too.. we should just hell each other out. I'll let you suck mine, I know you-"

George screeches and jumps on him, slapping his hand over his mouth, "Stop it! Stop it!" He gasps, staring at him with wide eyes.

Dream grabs his hips, raiding an eyebrow at George the pulls him down roughly, grinding up into his ass. He knew it wasn't a mistake after the reaction he got.

Georges back straightened, chest pushed out a bit and his hand slipped off Dream's mouth to grab at his shirt, "Mmnh!" He squeaked, pressing his lips together to about a louder moan.

It was wrong, Dream knew that, but he'd do anything to see all of George's expressions, "C'mon, we'll just help each other out, doesn't mean anything," His brain wasn't working right, too drowsy to go through the consequences of his actions. He sits up, lifting George off then motioning to the

floor.

George bit his lip, unsure, but finds himself sliding off onto the floor anyway.

“No homo?” He says jokingly, voice high pitched and cracking a bit, he was becoming increasingly anxious.

Dream stays quiet, string at his pretty friend. He nods in agreement after realizing he should give a reaction. Confidently he takes the lead and threads his hand through the older’s hair, “C’mon, suck me off..you know you want to.” He pressures him, he wanted it bad and was praying George would agree. He hoped it would get rid of his little obsession with George’s mouth anyway.

George stares at his crotch his eyes looked clouded and his bottom lip was being harshly chewed on.

Dream sighs and pulls the hand from his hair to undo his pants. He hesitates on the waistband of his boxers, dick straining to be freed, “You okay?” He confirms, toying with the fabric.

Georges eyes were glazed over, thoughts full of *dream, dream, dream*..or more likely about Dream’s cock. He licks his lips and gives a small nod, “Yeah.” he croaked, staring at the bulge, eyes not daring to dart up to his face, eye contact was too intimate. This was them just helping each other sexually, no feelings involved besides platonic.

Dream smirked, “Okay Georgie.” He pulls down his underwear, letting the monster free and he grabs George’s hair again to make sure he didn’t run, “Excited?”

Georges eyes widened and he tried to move back but was stopped by the hand in his hair, “What the fuck Dream? You keep that in your pants all day?” He snapped out of his little day dream, too shocked by the dick hanging in front of him. It was long sure, nine inches George estimated, but it was also *thick*, “I don’t even know if I can suck that right..” He was suddenly very unconfident in his blow job abilities, his mind unhelpfully supplying memories of him choking on much smaller dildo he’d messed around with.

Dream shrugs, “Try your best?” He says, teasing him. He tightens his grip in his hair, using the hold to pull his head forward, stopping him right in front of the tip, laughing softly at the way George went crosseyed to stare at it.

George gulps and pokes out his tongue, licking up a bead of precum at the tip. His eyes gained that cloudy look again and he opens his mouth, leaning forward and closing his mouth around the tip. Dream groans at the warmth, biting his lip to control himself. George hums, and Dream can *feel* it, his mouth vibrates against the sensitive part, “George, come on, suck.”

George had gotten so wrapped up just having something filling his mouth so well that he just was sitting there pretty and still. Dream’s voice pushed through the clouds and he blinks back into reality, at least momentarily. He begins to suck, his tongue flattening against the bottom rubbing against the prominent vein there. His eyes fluttered shut and he presses forward further, the tip of Dream’s cock bumping the back of his throat. A desperate little moan tries to push out but it’s all muffled.

Dream stared intensely at George, grip tightening and loosening its hold on his hair, “Keep going..” He encourages, voice low and strained. The smaller had hardly done anything, but even as soon as George was on his knees Dream had been aching for release.

He gives a little thrust into his mouth, watching cruelly as George gags, tears gathering in the

smaller boys eyes, but he didn't tap out.

Georges uses his palm to press into his own bulge, grinding against it slowly while his head bobs. He swallows around his cock, happy to have it in his mouth, "Good, good boy, always need something in your mouth.." The words struggle to even be processed in George's head but he melts under the praise as it gets through to him. He sucks harder, still not able to take it all, but Dream didn't seem to mind.

Dream taps his cheek to warn him he was close, telling him to pull back but George hardly responds, just brushing him away with a shaky hand. He shakes his head but doesn't try anymore to warn him. He thrusts a couple more times, unable to control himself because he was right on the edge, "Georgie, fuck!" He yelps, cumming in his mouth and down his throat. George chokes, yanking back and whimpering as he realized what was happening, he hadn't recognized what the tap meant earlier. His eyes open, taking a moment to focus on the man before him. His arm was laid over his eyes, breathing heavily, and his cheeks flushed. A shiver runs down his spine, *Dream is so hot.*

Dream laughs, "Thank you." he says, gaining his voice again. George's eyes widen, that wasn't supposed to be out loud, but it was no true so he didn't mind.

George swallows the salty liquid still pooling in his mouth with a grimace, "I didn't finish.." He pipes up quietly, voice sounding ruined. Dream slowly uncovered his eyes and squints at him, "Come." He leans forward and grabs his waist, helping the dazed boy up and onto his lap, "Now shush." He demands, undoing George's pants to free his cock then wrapping his rough hand around it, "You're so much smaller." He whispers and in response George slumps into him, trembling and letting out a loud moan.

He continues with George staying quiet besides the occasional moan but it didn't take long before George was cumming on his hand. He glances down at him, "George, we should.." George met his eyes, drooling and out of it, "Hm, Dre'mie?"

Dream stares, eyes wide, "Uh, what? Wake up George." He pats his cheek and the older blinks, taken aback for a moment, "Oh, oh, i'm sorry." He shakes his head, feeling brought back to reality, his thought began to filter back in.

"Fuck." He whispers and stares at the mess of the two, "I'm-I'm going to shower." He stutters and Dream doesn't stop him when he gets up on shaky legs, aggressively pulling on his pants before running off to the shower.

Dream sighs, that's the ending he'd expected, but not quite hoped for. He wasn't sure what he'd hoped for, it's not like 'helping out the homie' ended in cuddles and nice aftercare time.

Chapter End Notes

someone please tell me to take homie out of my vocabulary im so sorry

edit: thank you for all the reads and comments!! so glad to know people like this ♥♥ I don't have a lot of this story actually planned out, so if you have suggestions im very open!

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

George forgets his lollipops when they go bowling and Dream “helps”

Chapter Notes

Hi I don't like this chapter very much so I didn't reread it. Sorry for mistakes

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Breath in..breath out, it's okay, it's okay..” George repeats to himself while pacing back and forth in his room. There was a sucker in his mouth, getting knocked around while he tried to comfort himself.

There wasn't much he could do, he'd given his best friend a blow job and now he had to deal with the consequences. His best hope was that Dream's assurance that this all meant nothing would stay true.

“Whatever.” He stomps over to his door, grabbing the door handle a bit too aggressively and then stands frozen. He didn't want to have to face Dream. The blow job had all happened yesterday and the two boys had stayed locked in their rooms since then, much to Sapnap's dismay.

He knew he couldn't avoid the confrontation forever..or could he..retreat back to London, cut off connections, live the rest of his life alone..No.

“You can do it Georgie!” George swings open the door towards himself.

“Oh.”

“Um. Sapnap made lunch and wanted us to..”

George stares at the blonde in front of him who had been apparently waiting in front of his door, just about to knock.

Dream stares right back, flush gathering on his cheeks, George didn't have to know he'd been standing muttering to himself about whether or not to knock for the past ten minutes.

“Well lets-“

“We should-“

They both speak then paused as they simultaneously interrupted each other. George blinks, waiting for Dream to go, but he doesn't, unknowingly doing the same thing for George. George sighs and points motions for him to move with a small wave of his hand, “Go.” He demands, like Dream was a dog. Dream nods and quickly does as he's told.

George follows behind, the tension between the two was weighing them.

Sapnap lights up when they join him in the kitchen, "Gogy! Dream! Welcome! I made lunch!" He begins setting down plates at the counter in front of each chair, obviously proud of himself.

George smiles right back, he couldn't help it, "Don't call me Gogy." He says and rolls his eyes but there was no real bite to his tone.

Dream slides into his place at the far right end, inspecting the burger and fries in front of him, "Yours has bacon, pickles, lettuce, cheese, mayo, and ketchup." Sapnap pipes up with as he comes around to sit as well. Sap aims for the seat on the other end, leaving George for the middle, but George jumps into the seat before he can, "I'll sit here!" He announced loudly, stopping Sapnap.

Sapnap squints at George, then Dream who suspiciously seemed to be looking anywhere but at George or Sapnap. He takes his seat in the middle and sighs, thinking over their behaviors.

"We should go bowling. Bonding time." Sapnap suggests, smirking when they both whipped their heads towards him.

George rakes his hand through his hair, "I don't." Sapnap shushes him, "We're going." He says firmly, which shuts them both up.

Dream and George share a short look, "After we eat we can go." George firmly, making sure the blonde didn't argue either. Sapnap seemed happy and George didn't want to ruin things because of his and Dream's situation.

—

"George, were leaving, come on. We're leaving without you!" Sapnap yells, opening and closing the front door to trick him.

The smallest hops on one foot, pulling up the heel of his shoe, "Wait!" He huffs and runs up to where they stood by the door. He glares at them, "Go on then."

Sapnap wraps his arm around his shoulder and leads him out, "Calm down baby boy." he teases.

George shoves him away and stomps over to the car, getting in the passenger seat,

"You're both annoying! I wasn't even taking that long." He slumps down grumpily in the passenger car seat while Dream and Sapnap get in laughing at him.

—

"You messed me up!" Sapnap shrieked at Dream, George watching with half-lidded eyes while sipping his soda.

Sapnap had gone to bowl and Dream had yelled something at him, distracting him from the roll.

They were now having a shoving fight, attracting attention from the families around them. George lets out a loud sigh and gets up, realizing he had to be the one to break things up. He sets his drink down sadly and goes to the two, grabbing Sapnap like he was his child, "Break it up idiots."

Sapnap whined in pain and swaps him away, but goes and sits down, taking the position of being grumpy.

Dream was wheezing off to the side watching his friend be so childish.

George was quick with his turn, stepping back to glance at the bright TV that showed their scores after he'd finished. He was currently tied with dream, Sapnap not far behind. He felt oddly irritated, most likely tired still and he reached into his pocket for a candy, needing something in his mouth.

George blinks and shoves both hands in his jean pockets, pulling them inside out in frustration. Same result: empty, no lollipops or gum. He begins to chew on his bottom lip, his face getting all scrunched up, "No, no.." He whines quietly, sounding distressed.

Sapnap was up to bowl, so Dream is the only one to notice.

He sighed, he probably shouldn't get involved, but something felt tight in his chest as he watched George squirm and look uncomfortable. He slides into the plastic seat next to the older boy, glancing around before he leans in to whisper to him.

"Are you okay? You seem all fidgety.."

George glared, "Shut up, I'm fine!" He snaps, oddly aggressive.

Dream leans back, looking hurt for a moment, causing George to shrink back in regret.

"I'm sorry I didn't--"

Dream grabs his upper arm and hauls him up, "Sap, were going to get drinks!" before the third could answer Dream was dragging the small boy away from the lane.

"Dream! Dream! Stop, what are you doing!" George whisper-shouts, stumbling after him and trying to pull his arm away.

The blonde boy doesn't reply, simply pushing George into the family bathroom and locking the door behind them, "Shut up." He finally says and lets go of George. The older would have tried to escape but Dream towered over him and backed him up against the wall, "Here, open."

Dream held his index and middle finger up, prodding at George's bottom lip.

George flushed and shook his head, "No way, why are you--" Dream shoved his fingers in his mouth cruelly, making George yelp.

"You need it, I can see it, you forgot some of your suckers and now you're acting like a child, all grumpy. Just suck for a bit and get yourself together." Dream puts his other hand on the back of George's head, his fingers entangled in his hair.

George whimpers, but quickly gives in, he couldn't help it, his mouth started moving without him thinking. His eyes close and he sucks gently, leaning towards him, causing the fingers to reach deeper. The effect of having something to play with in his mouth was obvious. His facial features went lax, his legs almost deemed weak, his hands were pawing at Dream's shirt.

George purrs and Dream chuckled softly, "You really do have an oral fixation.." he whispered, petting his head and smirking.

20 minutes passed in no time. Dream was entranced by George's mouth working with his fingers and George was so out of it he couldn't even consider pulling away.

Dream's loud ringtone brought them both out of their hazy minds.

"Fuck." Dream pulls his hands away, trying to wipe in on his jeans when he suddenly was tasked

with catching George. The boy had chased after his fingers and fallen straight into Dreams chest, letting out soft unhappy cries.

Dream stares at him, confused until the other looks up and he caught sigh of his face.

“Georgie..”

George’s pupils were blown, his entire face reddened, and drool spilling slightly from his bottom lip,”Dr’mie..” He whines back at him, tears gathering in his eyes.

“Sapnap? Sorry..service is bad and we got distracted, yeah..yeah..we’ll be right back.” Dream had answered the phone and quickly gave a explanation to Sap.

But what was he going to do with the absolute mess of a boy in front of him.

Chapter End Notes

i’ll try to get more updates out, if you have any idea let me know :]

edit: i think i have a plan for the story line so yay!!

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

George gets himself off and feelings are too hard

Chapter Notes

sorry it's short!

I'll probably get out about a chapter a week, I plan on only having 10 :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George was high on life, he could hardly think and it was wonderful. His mind could only take in the strong boy in front of him. He watched the blonde's lips move, was he saying something? George didn't care even if he was. His little hands tug on the fabric they clutched and he nuzzles his nose into Dream's chest.

A low hum vibrates in his throat, it was all so comforting, the soft feel of his shirt and chest mixed with his scent which couldn't be described as anything more than Dream, Dream, Dream..(And maybe a small touch of their lavender scented laundry detergent). George never wanted to leave this...

"George!" Dream yells in his ear and shoves the smaller boy back by his shoulders, big hands still clutching them to keep the two apart after he'd been forcefully moved back.

George felt a tear roll down his cheek before he could notice them even beginning to gather," Dreamie.." He cries and picks one arm to wrap himself around.

Dream regrets yelling immediately and sighs, watching the older try to hug the arm keeping them distanced. He'd be lying if he said it wasn't adorable, but he needed George out of this state. A softer approach seemed necessary.

He slides his hands up to his cheeks, cupping them gently and forcing eye contact.

George stared back at him like he was his god, eyes never leaving him.

"George, come on, we have to get back to Sapnap..come on.." He whispers.

George purrs back at him and tilts his head, leaning into one hand, so warm, the comfortable yet rough feel on his cheek keeps him calm.

Dream pats his cheek gently, using the hand he wasn't leaning so hard against.

George makes a noise similar to a cat being woken from a nap: 'prrbt' and he slowly seems to gain some thought behind those brown eyes.

“Dream?” He mumbles, sounding almost sleepy and he gives a few hard blinks,” Sorry..sorry, I don’t know what came over me..” he rubs his eyes and takes a step back, leaning against the bathroom wall and removing himself from Dream’s touch.

Dream calms, realizing George was finally getting back to himself.

George runs his hand through his hair and looks down,” Ah.” he was much calmer than he probably should be after realizing how tight his jeans suddenly were.

“Seriously?” Dream sighs, noticing George’s issue as well. He was beginning to realize they should probably have a conversation about this all. That was for later. This problem needed to be solved now.

“Go on. Get yourself off so we can leave.”

George scoffs,” Leave then, it’s-it’s too embarrassing with you.” He shakes his head and crosses his arms.

Dream laughed,” I know good and well you do actually want me here. I’ll help you out even.” he leans his shoulder against the wall and stares him down, scrutinizing him.

“Go on princess.” He says, more forcefully.

George gulped and nodded,”Oh- Okay..” He shimmies his pants down his hips, being forced to unbutton and unzip them halfway through his shimmying. He was desperate to get his hands on himself, seeming to have forgotten his earlier embarrassment and just beginning to palm at his bulge.

Dream watches and laughs, suddenly pushing off the wall and going to him. He grabbed George’s wrists in one hand and pinned them back to the wall. George makes an unhappy noise,”Wha-please, just let me-“

Dream stops him by pressing a finger deep into his mouth and nudges his knee between his legs,”Grind against my thigh, get yourself off with that, you’re always so horny..might as well treat you like some kind of dog..” he murmurs, leaning in closer so he could still hear.

George whines, high pitched and shakes his head feverishly,”No, no..” he says around Dreams finger, words hardly distinguishable.

Dream glares and pulls his hand out of his mouth and grips his hair instead with a small sigh,” Do it good boy, please?” he asked sweetly and kissed his nose

George groans and gives in, beginning to grind down against his thigh. He glares up at Dream with watery eyes as he did, humiliated, but it turned him on too much for him to care.

Dream looked overjoyed and watched him get himself off so clumsily. It was cute.

The smaller male really did not need much, he was so turned on that after a few more minutes of his aggressive grinding he was finishing, in his underwear still. He feels a kiss pressed to his forehead and his wrists were released. The kiss was strange, but he couldn’t find it in him to question it. He rests his head against his friend's chest and hums.

“You need to get yourself together, we have to go see Sapnap and finish up.” He does up George’s pants and uses his finger to gently tilt up his chin, making eye contact to try and get him to focus.

George calms quickly and straightens up, taking in deep breaths, "Okay.." he rubs at his eyes and then grabs Dream's hand without any thought, which was what caused him to be so surprised when Dream whipped around to stare at him, "What are you doing?"

He snatches his hand away, "Nothing! I tripped!" He lied terribly, glad when Dream didn't question anyway. He hurries out of the bathroom, waddling awkwardly when he becomes aware of the mess in his underwear. He could only hope it didn't seep through. Dream falls in line behind him, grabbing the smaller boy's shirt for a moment to grab a soda and popcorn from the food area, remembering what they'd lied about leaving about it in the first place. George stands still obediently like a kitten caught by the scruff of his neck.

Dream releases and they move on, hurrying back to Sapnap, "Hey dude." He shoved the food into his hands as George takes a seat, "We all should take a turn then head out,"

"Sounds good to me!" George agrees as Sapnap sighs.

"Okay, okay."

The final round goes quick and the three go back home, happy in each other's company.

—

"It's time we talk."

Dream looks up from his computer and stares at the poised boy in his doorway. George glares right back, "Get off your game and sit." He demanded and pointed at the bed.

Dream scrambles up and sits on the edge of the bed, for as dominant as he was he sure did seem to follow George's commands easily.

The older man takes his place beside Dream and lays his hands in his lap, eyes to the floor. He'd come in here with a speech that he now couldn't remember.

"I think I know what you're gonna say..We can't keep being awkward around each other and getting each other off like this. It's weird to not talk about it." Dream speaks up and looks over at him, a nervous smile playing on his lips. He didn't want their friendship ruined, so it probably was best they talked about it eventually.

"Yeah..that's about it." George mumbles and toes the ground, "Don't want things to be awkward..." Dream nods.

"We said no feelings. We'll just keep that. Friends with benefits. Okay? That's what I've been thinking." George continues, remembering what the other had said during their first time messing around.

Dream winces, George doesn't notice, "Oh. Yeah. That's fine." He laughs and rubs his hands together. He regretted saying that. He wouldn't admit to having feelings but just about anyone knew friends with benefits never ended well. However, knowing George if Dream wanted this relationship to be anything more he'd have to admit to it himself.

George wasn't one to admit to feelings, especially first, he followed others' lead on how he should feel about things, so quoting Dream's original feelings had been his only move. Whether he actually wanted more or not..well he didn't have the patience to try and dig through his thoughts for that answer.

So they both stand, stare at each other and nod, like they'd finished some sort of business deal,

"Come to me if you want something to busy that mouth of yours."

"Tell me if you need me." George says back and turns sharply, heading right back out the door.

Dream keeps his smirk while he watches him leave, but it didn't stay long after.

His eyes drift to one of his favorite fanart of the two of them and he sighs, going back on his thought, "Fuck I like him."

Chapter End Notes

THE TEMPTATION TO MAKE THIS INTO A POLY THING WITH SAPNAP. I
just feel bad hes left out pls

feedback is appreciated as always

love you guys :))

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Dream and George get caught..

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry it's been so long! Ive written about three versions of this chapter.

I'm setting it up for the poly route, but if there's a lot of negative feedback for it then i'll post the purely dnf chapter I wrote instead.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George wasn't exactly doing it purposefully, but a small voice at the back of his head always stopped him whenever he considered 'going to dream' like the blonde had suggested. As much as they'd done together by now he couldn't find it in him to go and ask for it, what even was 'it' ? A blow job?

He blinks. Too far. He didn't want to get himself worked up. But he pushes his thumb in his mouth anyway.

Dream noticed George avoiding him, it was hard not to, yet he didn't question him. If George needed him he would come.

And, eventually, he did.

Dream hurriedly muted his mic as he noticed the small boy tiptoeing his way inside his room.

George stays surprisingly as he climbs under the desk.

"What? What are you doing? I'm streaming idiot." He awkwardly laughs and nudges him with his foot, was this some kind of joke? He goes silent as George's eyes meet his. They were watering and looked to be all hazy. His bottom lip even looked bruised,

"Please, I want it so bad.." George whines and pushes his legs open, forcing his way between them. He hiccups and presses his face into a clothed thigh, "Please..!" He says louder, scream muffled against his jeans. George glances at him again, bottom lip beginning to wobble, his telltale sign that he was about a minute from fully breaking into tears.

Dream stares, he couldn't find himself considering any choice but 'yes'. He hesitantly nods, swallowing thickly, "Okay, baby." He keeps his hands on the desk, letting the older take what he wants.

George hurriedly undoes Dream's pants with shaking hands, his whole body practically vibrating.

Once Dream's cock was freed his mouth was around it, sucking slowly and taking it in as deep as he could. It'd been a while, and he was certainly desperate now.

Dream groans and pats his head, "Hey, just sit and relax. I'm gonna unmute, keep me warm."

George nodded and closed his eyes. That's all he needed. His mouth full and his mind pleasantly empty and happy.

Dream streamed for an hour this way, George on his knees, hard cock pushing down his throat.

He was obedient, not sucking or trying to tease, only doing his job and cockwarming his friend, but no matter how much he loved it his body was beginning to protest. His jaw throbbed and knees painfully ached.

"Bye guys, love you all!" George lazily opens his eyes, watching Dream dismiss all the viewers. Green eyes finally meet his and a purr erupts, happy to have attention on him again.

Dream threads his hand through dark hair, gently helping the boy pull off him, "Poor kitty.." He mumbles, per name sipping out after hearing him purr.

Tears begin to fall as his mouth becomes so suddenly cold and empty. The blonde laughs cruelly and pulls him up into his lap, gripping his hips, "God you're just so desperate to have things in your mouth. Little cockslut.." He bit his lip, George was really out of it. He presses a kiss to his nose, "My precious boy.." He whispers and smiles when he gets a whine in response.

"Open your mouth for me, and stick out your tongue a bit." He directed and George quickly did so, half-lidded eyes watching carefully for what he would do.

Dream grips his jaw and sighs before he spits right into his mouth, "Swallow it. You're mine." He demanded and George swallowed before he could think about it.

"D'eamieeee..." He whines and begins to rock in his lap, grinding his bulge against Dream's bare dick.

He smiles at his mess of a boy, "You have a plug? I want to cum in you and not let any out..Filled up with me." He whispers and wraps his arms tighter around him. Dream knew he was going too far. Too possessive, too wanting, but George wasn't cowering away so Dream was going to continue giving into what he really wants.

George nods, "In my room.." He manages, his throat sore and words slurred. He stares longingly at Dream's face. In these moments the blond was his whole world. He couldn't think about anyone but him, not like he wanted to think about anyone else anyway.

Dream scoops him up and carries him to the other room, whispering sweet things to him as he did.

..And that's how they got caught in the hallway, Dream pantless and George a crying mess.

Sapnap stares with an open mouth at Dream, who silently stares back, unable to react.

"Dreamie.." George mumbles, confused why the movement had stopped, he wanted to continue. He turns his head to see the issue and spots the man staring at them both. Which really causes all hell to break loose. George shrieks, thrown out of his foggy headspace by the fear running through him. Dream dropped him and was trying to yank down his shirt to cover his dick. George fell straight to the floor and banged his knee against the hardwood, causing him to wail.

Sapnap was beginning to babble out questions and point accusingly at both of them.

“Is this why you haven’t been hanging out with me! You too have just been fucking this entire time? Are you dating and you haven’t even told me? What the fuck is wrong with you two? Did you seriously forget I was even home?” Sapnap snaps, his face tensed with anger.

Dream begins to respond when both are distracted by another wail coming from the smallest.

“Shit, George.” Sapnap rushes over and begins inspecting the knee he was clutching, shooting a glare at Dream who was still standing stupidly still.

“Dream-Dream, go put on some pants..then we should talk.” George eventually takes control, even while clutching his bruised knee. Sapnap gives a small, angry glance towards Dream, then a curt nod. The bigger man scampers off to his room, embarrassed.

Sapnap focuses on George, “I knew you guys flirted but I didn’t..” He sighs, a disappointed look coming over his features. George slouches. He didn’t know why Sap was so upset, but he still felt ashamed.

George yelped as he was suddenly scooped up, “Sapnap, what the hell?”

“To the couch, so we can talk.” He grunts and continues on.

-

“Why didn’t you tell me? Is it a relationship? Or just getting out some..frustration.”

George stares at his hands, picking at his nails and aggressively chewing his bottom lip while he listens.

Dream cuts in, “It was just kind of sudden.. were just helping each other out. No feelings.”

George jolts slightly and Sapnap perked up, glancing at George, but not noticing the flinch.

“That’s never going to end well.”

Dream glares, “Who are you to say?” He was defensive. It was obvious in his tone and the way he straightened up. He was good at arguing and he had physical advantage, which made it easier for people to.. agree with him after a bit of pushing.

Sapnap stands and gives him a harsh look, “I don’t want you two ruining your relationships and careers just because you want to fuck around!” He snaps, feeding off the energy Dream was beginning to omit.

The blonde leaps up too, “Shut up! You don’t know anything. You just found out about this, just shut the hell up man. You’re upsetting George.”

Sapnap doesn’t even give the oldest a glance, “I’m upsetting him? You’re the one fucking him for fun! You literally threw him on the ground earlier!” He yelled and grabbed Dream’s shirt. Testosterone was surely rising, “I could take way better care of him!”

“Shut the fuck up! Both of you.” George gets up and pain shoots through his leg but he doesn’t show it. They both step back from each other, Dream’s reply dying on his tongue, “You can’t just talk for me. I’m tired of it. Don’t treat me like a goddamn baby. Dream, Sapnap’s right. We can’t risk this ending badly. Whatever ‘this’ even was. It’s- It’s over.” He pinches the bridge of his nose, “We need..lets just go to our rooms. Take a break from each other. Everyone needs to calm down, okay?” He shakes his head, already done being the responsible one in his situation. He was

still trying to wrap his head around what Sapnap said.

These boys were killing him. And he knew it was all his fault to begin with. His stupid little fixation had gotten him here. Now he had to be the resolve. He had to fix their friendships, after being the one to mess them up.

Chapter End Notes

comments always appreciated! I really appreciate all the kind words and feedback :)

Let me know what you think, sorry its kinda angsty.

Sorry again for such a long wait!

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Friends with benefits?

Chapter Notes

Sorry for such a long wait again.

Please enjoy :)

let me know what you think of the chapter!

—

im never gonna stop saying homie i think its funny shut up im funny /j

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George hadn't seen Dream for four days, Sapnap for two (an accident when both had come out to use the bathroom) meaning no words were spoken between them; even through tweets. Fans were probably more worried about them then they were.

Logically, the oldest knew he should break the ice first, he'd been the one to create the issues. He should reach out, talk to his friends and get them back in line, but he couldn't find it in him to do it. He made up excuses for himself to wait longer while really just depending on the other two to solve this problem.

Sapnap stepped up. He came quietly knocking on George's door, disturbing the boy from his current coding project and requesting for them all to eat together. George agreed, hesitantly, and went straight to the kitchen while Sapnap ran off to fetch Dream.

George runs his hands through his hair, messing it up, absentmindedly considering if he needs a shower or a haircut, it felt too long. He tapped his fingers on the counter, feeling tense. Sure they had fought before, Sapnap and him got into scraps constantly, but this was different, more serious the energy wasn't just going to return to normal like it usually did.

He assumed this would be the first point of contact for all of them since the fighting, but hushed whispers brought him out of his thoughts and he turned to see the two taller boys coming into the kitchen. They both shut up at the sight of him. George quirks an eyebrow, suspicious.

George hums and gets up off the stool, "So.." But Sapnap stares at him, stopping his sentence there, "What?" He asks, almost grimacing because of how deeply the youngest was trying to peer into him. Sapnap's big, but always surprisingly soft hands grabbed his wrist, causing him to jerk back in surprise, "What are you doing? Let go," Unsure why that was necessary, but the other holds strong. He groans.

“George. We both want you.”

“Excuse me?” He scoffs, shaking his head in exasperation, this was supposed to be a nice dinner, so George could convince himself everything was okay. Not so he could be cornered,”What the hell does that mean?” He jerks his arm hard, getting it out of Sapnaps grip, where he then cradles it against his chest, staring between the two.

“We both want to be with you, maybe both..help you out, when you need it you know, for the-“ He gestures to his mouth and George looks away, flushing slightly. Why’d they have to bring that up..

“I’m fine on my own, and you said it yourself Sap, we can’t ruin our relationships.” He was embarrassed, and it showed all over him. His eyes blinked rapidly and he glanced down at his hands to find himself scratching at his palm. It was all red, and he quickly pulled his sleeves over them, it was just nerves.

Dream cuts in,”We won’t ruin them! It’s no feelings and as soon as anyone feels uncomfortable we’ll stop and go back to being friends! We’ll just all be helping each other get off you know..Helping out the homies..” He whispers and inches forward.

George looked a bit wary, like a stray cat who’d dart away if they pushed too far. His hands find solace in twisting the end of his shirt,”I-I don’t know.” He looks at Sapnap for help while taking quick steps back. He couldn't run far, the counter hit his back after he tried.

The youngest reached out, holding onto his shoulder. The grip grounded him, at least slightly,”George..You can say no, but we both like you,” He clears his throat, clarifying,”You know, as friends, and have some pent up frustration too, so we all benefit.”

George was hesitant and he assured himself it was for good reason of course, but he couldn’t refuse. These boys did something to him that he couldn’t describe.

”Okay.” He squeaked, eyes squeezing shut. It was a good deal. Yet, his stomach churned with a sickly feeling, bile burning at his heart. What the hell was the matter with him?

—

Things were calm after their little heart to heart, a quick dinner passed mostly full of silence and boring comments on stream times. All the boys returned to their respective rooms and George felt like he was the only one thinking hard about this whole situation.

-

“George?” Dream turned the lock on the handle back and forth as he stood half in the room. The blonde peers awkwardly at the brunette laying on the bed watching some obnoxiously loud tiktoks. He had headphones. Why didn't he ever use them. Dream sighs,”Want to watch a movie with me and Sap?”

The older one drops his phone on the blanket beside him and hums,”Mm, sure, what movie,” He yawns and sticks his hands up, stretching them, which Dream takes as an offer to come grab them and pull him up. George gives a little yelp and blushes,”Idiot.” he mutters and nudges him with his elbow.

Dream smiles goofily and trails behind the boy while they go to join Sapnap.

“Gogy!”

“Don’t call me that.” George falls onto the couch then climbs up, pushing against Sapnap’s side. Sapnap smiles and wraps his arm around him, hand coming to rest on his waist, which he gives a little squeeze.

“Do you guys want a drink?” Dream goes to the kitchen already filling up a cup of juice for George and adding in a straw. He delivers George’s while Sapnap replies. George didn’t bother, he knew he’d be getting one.

He takes his drink in both hands, adjusting to be more upright. He hears Sapnap say what he wanted but it hardly registered because he already had the straw in his mouth. He began to sip and his eyes fell shut. Even when he isn’t drinking, the straw sits in his mouth for him to bite at or move around with his tongue.

Sapnap watches curiously and Dream smirks, then mouths ‘watch’ to the other boy before sliding onto the couch.

George cracks his eyes open to see Dream, but closes them again, humming when he feels a hand on his head, gently petting it, Sapnap maybe? He couldn’t be bothered to open his eyes again. Well until he felt the curious thumb sliding over his bottom lip and pushing the straw away. He whined at the loss, “D’eam..” His words were slurred.

“Here, have this instead, it’s okay.” Dream pushed his thumb in before he could talk again. George stares up at him with big eyes, beginning to suck immediately. He couldn’t think, too cloudy, but he liked it that way.

Sapnap watched, a bit in awe. Was this subspace? He’d slipped into it so fast the man couldn’t believe it. He had his knowledge of bdsm and such, but seeing this was throwing him.

“Damn..he slips into subspace fast.” Sapnap continues to run his hand through George’s hair after voicing his thoughts.

Dream frowns, “What? Subspace? What the hell are you talking about..” He shakes his head. Sapnap just hums, a conversation for later. by Too much to explain or question now.

The voices had managed their way through his heavy mind. George opens his eyes, nipping Dream’s thumb so he’d pull out, “Sapnap..Can I..?” He slid off the couch before he got an answer and was trying to inch his way between his legs. They’d agreed to this, George might as well make the most of it.

Dream felt a tinge of jealousy that he wasn’t chosen, but he didn’t mind watching.

Sapnap gulped, this was really happening, friends with benefits, “Yeah baby, of course.” he opened his thighs, allowing the smaller to scoot his way in between. He shot a glance at Dream, noticing his palm pressing on his crotch, his eyes were instantly back on George and cheeks were red.

George’s nimble fingers untie Sapnap’s sweatpant strings, Sap lifting his hips so the boy can yank them down. His bulge was obvious and George hums, “Wonder who’s bigger.” he glances between them, a smirk playing on his lips he wanted to start an argument.

Sapnap and Dream’s eyes snap to each other, “Me obviously, I’m taller.” Dream quickly assures, causing George to laugh. Dream begins to smile too, George’s laugh just had that effect, on everyone of course Dream assures himself. Sapnap glares and grabs George’s hair, “Whatever, we’re not comparing dicks, just get on with it.”

George huffs, “Maybe I won’t, you’re not being very nice Sap.” He says and tilts his head, giving a

fake little pout. He was just trying to mess with him. This was fun.

Dream scoffs, "Yeah right, you like it mean." He shakes his head, Dream was the type to praise occasionally, but in his mind, being mean and degrading to George was always the way to go.

Sapnap bites his lip, now was when he had to decide how he wanted to fit into this relationship. Having two mean and dominant men might be hot for a moment, but it was much better to have a bit of a balance. He slipped into a role he was creating for himself mentally.

The youngest sighs and slightly loosens his grip, "I'm sorry precious," He leans down to press a kiss to his forehead, giving a small glance to Dream while George was closing his eyes to accept it, "Come on now and suck me off like a good boy and I'll praise you all you want. Pretty little boy." He purrs. Dream watches, smirking, George would brat back against that, he knew it.

Neither man really expected it when George melts, a high whimper slipping out and him pressing forward. Shivering, yet his body felt so warm, "Yes- Yes..sap, sir? Um.." He looks up for clarification and nuzzles his cheek against Sapnap thigh happily.

Sapnap smiles at the way Dream looked so dumbfounded, "Sir's good sweetie, or Daddy."

Dream's eyes widen and his eyes fixate on George, wanting to hear him say it. George glances at Dream, hesitating.

"Daddy.." he whispers, like he was testing it out before he finally tugs down Sapnap's underwear.

"You both are too big." He mumbles, staring at the thick thing standing hard in front of him. It's not like it was giant, Dream was definitely longer, it was easy to tell that when he wrapped his hand around the base. He pauses and stares, "I can't even-" his fingers weren't touching each other, he could probably do it if he squeezed, but it was so awfully thick it made his mouth water.

His mouth was around the tip in no time, sucking rhythmically like it was candy. His hand at the base did more of the work, twisting and moving up and down. He wanted to take an easy amount first so he could relax.

"-Push his head down more Sapnap, I know he's a slut, he can take it,"

George didn't catch the first bit, too entranced with the job at hand, but he cracks his eyes open to stare at Sapnap when he feels a hand entangling itself in his hair. The younger was looking back at him, "This okay hun' ?" George tried to nod and Sapnap was quick to push him down further. He chokes slightly, tears sting his eyes, but it didn't hurt and he relaxed, letting himself be pushed more. It was so relaxing for him even through the occasional pain of it.

"He likes to be used, kinda wanna see you fuck his mouth."

George hears Sapnap agree and he pulls back for a second to speak, "I-I'm good with that, please, please." His lips were slick with spit and he seemed to be shaking, "Good boy." Sapnap whispers and pushes him back down, "Pinch my thigh if it's too much."

George moans, it was so big. He loved it. He loved-

Sapnap begins to thrust, it hits the back of his throat and deeper, George gagged at first but adjusted instantly. Dream was right, being used and having something warm and filling his mouth was the best. George moans softly and a tear slips down his cheek. He wanted to describe it as overwhelming, the drag of his friend's cock stretching his throat and coming back up again, but it was so overwhelming in a good way that he wanted to call it otherwise.

Time felt off, he could've been doing this for an hour or thirty seconds by now. His mind was so up in the clouds and his skin tingled. Maybe from how long he'd sat with his weight all on his knees. It's not even like this was for his real pleasure, yet he was there hard as a rock and grinding slowly against the floor. Desperate, like a dog. He'd feel ashamed if he wasn't so needy.

"George, I'm gonna cum!" He got yanked off before he could react and warm liquid was spilling on his face and catching in his eyelashes. He squeaks and hears Dream let out a familiar span of groans and curses, he'd cum too.

George wipes his eyes so he can see them. His mouth hangs open, drool slipping out. He licks around his lips, lapping up a bit of cum, salty, but he couldn't resist.

"Daddy..Dr'mie.." he slurs, the two younger were spent, but realize they'd left the poor boy high and dry. Dream grabs his arms and pulls him onto the couch, into his lap. He needed to take care of his boy.

"I've got you princess, let's make this fast. Be a good little whore and be loud while I get you off. Probably could make Sap hard again." He laughs softly, just teasing and pushes George's pants down to his thighs. He just needed enough room to touch him. He moves quickly, wrapping his hand around the other's dick, instantly making the older cry out.

"You're so tiny." he murmurs and George keens, thrusting into his touch.

It wasn't long, it never is, before George's thrusting got sloppy and Dream prepared for him to come. "Cum for me baby, come on slut, do it already, come for Dreamie." He coos, patronizing tone to it. He loved to treat him this way, knowing he'd do anything for the boy.

George comes immediately, screaming as he does.

He falls forward into Dream's chest, breathing heavily. It felt like he was floating. Dream's hand rests on the small of his back and even so far gone he feels Sapnap lean into him.

The oldest purrs, he could handle this. As long as he still got to be close with them it didn't matter what it was labeled. He just loved the two. He loved them.

His stomach still felt sick when he heard Sapnap mumble, "This was great..didn't know all those jokes about us kissing and cuddling would be the least we would do. Friends with benefits." Sap laughed to Dream in disbelief.

Friends. Homies. Buddy. Bro.

Why did George's
heart hurt?

Chapter End Notes

going the poly route obviously!

I'm going to post the dnf ending/chapter I wrote so look out for that if you're more interested in it.

let me know if i need to fix anything :)

comments are very lovely as always

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!